

# CTRL+ALT+Desi - 5-Minute Stand-Up Comedy Set

## SECTION 1: Final Stand-Up Script

Good evening, everyone! I'm from India, which basically means I was born with two things: a birth certificate and pressure.

Indian parents don't raise kids-they raise expectations. You can't just "become" anything. You either become a doctor, an engineer, or a family disgrace. One time I told my mom I wanted to be a stand-up comedian. She said, "Do that after your government job." Because clearly, the Ministry of Laughter is hiring.

Being the tech support guy in the family is my destiny. I didn't choose the tech life; the tech life chose me. My uncle once called and said, "Beta, my phone is not working. I dropped it... in milk." I was like, "Uncle, your phone didn't need calcium."

Another uncle once asked me, "How do I download a screenshot?" Sir, that's not a Salman Khan movie torrent. It doesn't work like that.

Indian moms vs. Google? No competition. Google asks, "Did you mean...?" My mom says, "I \*know\* what you meant. Sit down."

You tell your mom you have a headache-she says, "It's because you watch too much phone." You say you're tired-"It's because you sleep too much." Basically, every solution is either "drink turmeric milk" or "get married."

Indian weddings are just gym workouts with glitter. Three days, 500 guests, 200 dishes, and still no clue who the bride's cousin's friend is-but he's in every selfie.

And there's always one aunty asking, "When is your turn?" I told her, "Aunty, I'm still buffering."

Food delivery in India is an extreme sport. I once ordered a dosa. Zomato delivered it like it had been in a

street fight. It was folded like origami, sambhar on the side doing backflips.

Why does the delivery guy call and say, "Sir, I'm outside," when he's clearly 3 kilometers away, stuck in Bangalore traffic, on a scooter with a flat tire and broken GPS?

Sometimes I wonder if my food goes on a spiritual journey before reaching me. Like, "First, I was an idea. Then I became a dish. Then I saw half of India before I met you."

In conclusion, growing up Desi means you're always being roasted-by your family, by life, and sometimes by your own dosa.

Thank you and good night!

## SECTION 2: Prompt Strategy + Joke Evolution

### **\*\*Prompt Strategy & Joke Evolution\*\***

- Started with core themes: Indian family pressure, tech struggles, food delivery chaos.
- Prompted for first draft with clear transitions and cultural relatability.
- Revised punchlines:
  - Original: "Zomato delivered my dosa like it had PTSD."
  - Final: "Zomato delivered it like it had been in a street fight."
- Used iterative rephrasing to make each line land harder and flow naturally.
- Added absurd imagery ("phone in milk", "dosa in witness protection") for punch.
- Trimmed for 5-minute delivery (~600-650 words) based on natural speech timing.

## SECTION 3: Chat Link for Submission Reference

<https://chatgpt.com/share/6846a06d-37a0-800a-9af3-9fc6f6dd34bf>